

DAILY EVENING STAR.

VOL. 1.

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NO. 152.

DAILY EVENING STAR.

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(EXCEPT SUNDAY.)

On D street, between 12th and 13th streets,
BY
JOSEPH B. TATE.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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Encouragement to American Poetic Talent! \$500 Premium.

IMPRESSED as I am with the controlling influence which is exercised by the fine arts upon the direction and destiny of human affairs, it has given me infinite pleasure to witness the bountiful manner in which, from time to time, painting and statuary have been encouraged and rewarded by the Councils of the Nation.

But, while this acknowledgment is due to the discerning and worthy patrons of these noble, it is an equal source of humiliation and sorrow to behold the apparent apathy and indifference with which they seem to regard the incomparably more valuable creations of poetry.

To see them adorn the walls of the Capitol with the glowing revelations of the pencil, and decorate the public grounds with the costly chef d'oeuvres of the chisel, is an omen of good which will be hailed and applauded by all as a cheering pledge of the progress of refinement. But, whilst they lavish their thousands upon those immobile products of canvass and marble and bronze, they offer no reward for the more exalted, more enduring and renowned ovals of the pen. No fostering hand from these high places has ever yet invited the Promethean fire of poetry to animate the history of our country, which, with all its harmony of form and wonder of proportion, lies asleep around the humble vault of Mount Vernon, ready to spring into life and beauty at the first kindling touch of this genial inspiration.

It surely were a work of supererogation to introduce the proofs that crowd the records of the past to show how far above all other stands the "divine art" of poetry. What are all the paintings, statues, and regalia of Versailles, of Fontainebleau and the Tuilleries, compared with the "Marseilles Hymn"? What the kingly panoply of gold and gems heaped up in the Tower of London; what the collections of the Royal Academy, or even the time hallowed shrines of Westminster Abbey, when compared with the songs of Burns, and Dibden, and Campbell? Or what has the world that we would take in exchange for "Hail Columbia" and the "Star-Spangled Banner"? Well might the British statesman exclaim "let me but write the ballads of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws."

As far as the living, breathing man is above the cold insensate marble that is made to represent him; as far as the radiant skies of summer are above the perishable canvass to which the painter has transferred their feeble resemblance, so far is poetry above all other arts that have their mission to console and elevate and inspire the immortal mind of man.

In view of these facts, and considering the lamentable paucity of patriotic songs in my distinguished and beloved country, and with the hope of being the humble means of a proper public feeling upon this interesting subject, I have been induced to offer, and do hereby offer, the sum of five hundred dollars as a prize for the best National Poem, Ode or Epic.

The rules which will govern the payment of this sum, are as follows:

1st. I have selected (without consulting them) the following persons to act as judges or arbiters of the prize thus offered, namely:

The President of the United States.
Hon. A. O. P. Nicholson, of Tennessee.
Hon. Chas. Sumner, of U. S. Senate.
Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, do
Hon. Jas. C. Jones, do
Hon. J. R. Chandler, of U. S. H. Reps.
Hon. Addison White, do do
Hon. Thos. H. Bayly, do do
Hon. D. T. Disney, do do
Hon. J. P. Kennedy, Secretary of the Navy.
D. J. W. C. Evans, of New Jersey.
D. Thos. Saunders.

Joseph Gales,
Gen. R. Armstrong, } of the Press.
Dr. G. Bailey,
W. W. Seaton.

Prof. Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution.
Wm. Seldon, late Treasurer of the U. S.
Rev. C. M. Butler, Episcopal Church.
Rev. R. R. Gurley, Presbyterian Church.
Rev. S. S. Roszell, M. E. Church.
Rev. Mr. Donelan, Catholic Church.

2d. These gentlemen, or any three of them, are hereby authorized to meet at the Smithsonian Institution, on the second Monday of December next, at such hour as they may appoint, and there proceed to read and examine the various poems which may have been received, and to determine which of them is most meritorious and deserving of the prize. And I hereby bind myself to pay the sum aforementioned forthwith, to whoever they shall present to me as the person who has written, within the time prescribed, the best National Patriotic Poem, and upon the representation that he or she is an American citizen.

3d. All communications must be sent to me at Washington (post paid) before the first Monday in December next, with a full and complete conveyance of the copyright to me and my heirs and assigns forever.

4th. I hereby bind and obligate myself to sell the poems thus sent to me as soon as practicable, for the highest price, and to give the proceeds to the poor of the city of Washington.

5th. No poem will be considered as subject to this prize which shall not have been written subsequent to this date, and received before the first Monday in December next.

R. W. LATHAM.
WASHINGTON, FEB. 10, 1853. feb. 17—

Light Kid Gloves, Black Nett Mitts, &c.
20 doz. Bajou's light colored Kid Gloves
10 do. white do.
15 doz. Black Nett Mitts
100 " Silk and Lisle Thread Gloves,
every quality.

Call and see WM. R. RILEY,
corner 8th street, opposite the Market.
may 6—1m

E. C. CARRINGTON.

Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
PRACTICES in all the Courts of the District, and attends to the prosecution of Claims before Congress and the Executive Departments.
Office, east wing of the City Hall.
feb 17

R. H. LASKEY,

Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
PRACTICES in the Courts of the District, and prosecutes claims of every description before the several Executive Departments and before Congress.
Office on Louisiana avenue near Sixth street.
dec 30

G. L. GIBERSON,

Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
PRACTICES in all the Courts of the District, and attends to the prosecution of Claims before Congress and the Executive Departments.
Office on Louisiana avenue, near 7th street.
jan 3—

NEW CIGAR STORE.

WILLIAM O. DREW has just opened his new Store, corner of 6th street and Louisiana avenue, and offers to the public a good assortment of CIGARS, TOBACCO, and SNUFF.
Call and try for yourselves!
ap 25—tf

COOPER & MCGHAN,

PLUMBERS AND GAS-FITTERS,
Hot-Air and Hot-Water Furnace Manufacturers.

HAVING removed to C street adjoining the Bank of Washington, would respectfully invite all persons wanting work in their line to give them a call, as they intend to do work in New York style and for New York prices.

H. D. COOPER is well known to the citizens of this city as being a general builder, and as being connected with the Hot-Water Furnaces at the Observatory and Winder's Building, previous to August, 1851, and Mr. MCGHAN is a practical Plumber from New York.
Call and see us.
ap 15

PHILIP BOTELER,

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE,
D Street, between 8th and 9th streets.
m 18—tf WASHINGTON.

HOWELL & MORSELL,

(Successors to Oliver Whittlesey.)
DEALERS IN
OILS, LAMPS, GLASSES, & WICKS,
of every description.
PAINTS, VARNISH, BRUSHES, & GLASS.
Artists' Materials of every description.
Todd's Buildings, C street.
may 23—tf WASHINGTON.

L. F. BUTTS,

TIN, SHEET IRON, & COPPER SMITH.
Near the corner of 7th and F streets, Island.
All orders punctually attended to.
may 20—tf

MAGUIRE, Fashionable Hatter,

North side Penn. av., two doors below 4 1/2 st.

Would inform his customers and the public that he has just opened a very large assortment of Spring and Summer HATS and CAPS, of the latest styles, to which he would call their attention; among which are, Superior Mole-skin, Silk, Cassimere, and Stonehats; Drab, Beaver, Brush, and Pearl HATS; Panama, Leghorn, Canton, Braid, German, Sennet, Palm Leaf, and other STRAW HATS; Children's Fancy do.; Boys' and Youths' HATS, of all styles and qualities. Also, Wool and other Common HATS. All of which he will sell at very low prices. Those wishing to purchase anything in his line, will do well by calling at
m 13 Pennsylvania avenue.

TINNER'S WORK, ROOFING, &c.

F. Y. NAYLOR, at the old stand, on the south side of Pennsylvania avenue, between 3d and 4 1/2 streets, thankful for past favors and solicitous of future, would inform his friends and the public generally that he is prepared to execute all work in his line at the lowest prices, in the most approved manner, and at the shortest notice.

Kitchen Ware.—He would also invite the attention of housekeepers to his assortment of kitchen articles, many of which he has just received from New York, and which he believes will prove highly satisfactory.

Plumbing Work.—Having in his employ a highly competent workman from New York, and having made arrangements to fill any order in the line, he is prepared to execute it at the lowest possible prices, and requests those wishing such work to give him a call before applying elsewhere.

Having carried on the Tin and Stove business in the same vicinity for seventeen years, the place is easily found, and having removed his residence to his store, he can always be seen there after the usual hours of business, and until 10 o'clock P. M.
m 28—colm

TO THE PUBLIC.

Garner's Vegetable Pain Extractor.

HAVING, for the last fifteen years, been engaged in examining the medical properties of the various plants of the vegetable kingdom, in order to ascertain that if by a proper and proportionate combination and blending of several kinds into one harmonious whole, a liquid medicine could not be obtained that could be used internally and externally without injury to the human system, and that would relieve poor, suffering humanity of some of the diseases that flesh is heir to. I flatter myself that I have produced such a medicine, which I call GARNER'S VEGETABLE PAIN EXTRACTOR, that, for its efficacy in removing pain and disease from the human body, stands unrivalled in the history of medicine. This is no idle boast, as I first tried its virtues in my own family and then administered it to my friends and acquaintances until several hundreds have used it, and who are as much astonished and delighted as myself at the almost miraculous cures it has performed.

Satisfied of its wonderful powers, and at the earnest solicitation of my friends, I have determined to spread it broadcast throughout the world, and for this purpose I have appointed Mr. G. L. GILCHRIST, of the city of Washington, D. C., my General Agent, who is prepared to supply Agents with any quantity of this valuable medicine. To him all letters and orders must be addressed, (post-paid,) which will meet with prompt attention.
may 26—tf GEORGE W. GARNER.

BIRD CAGES, for sale by
ap 9 JNO. W. BADEN.

JUNE.

BY WM. CULLEN BRYANT.

I gazed upon the glorious sky
And the green mountains round;
And thought that when I came to lie
Within the silent ground,
'Twere pleasant, that in flowery June,
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,
And groves a joyous sound,
The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
The rich green mountain turf should break.

A cell within the frozen mould,
A coffin borne through sleet,
And icy clouds above it rolled,
While fierce the tempests beat—
Away!—I will not think of these—
Blue be the sky and soft the breeze,
Earth green beneath the feet,
And be the damp mould gently pressed
Into my narrow place of rest.

There through the long, long summer hours,
The golden light should lie,
And thick young herbs and groups of flowers
Stand in their beauty by.
The oriole should build and tell
His love-talk close beside my cell:
The idle butterfly
Should rest him there, and there be heard
The housewife bee and humming bird.

And what, if cheerful shouts at noon
Come, from the village sent,
Or songs of maids, beneath the moon
With fairy laughter blent?
And what, if in the evening light,
Betrothed lovers walk in sight
Of my low monument?
I would the lovely scene around,
Might know no sadder sight nor sound.

I know, I know, I should not see
The season's glorious show,
Nor would it's brightness shine for me,
Nor it's wild music flow;
But, if around my place of sleep,
The friends I love should come and weep,
They might not haste to go.
Soft airs, and song, and light and bloom,
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

These to their softened hearts should bear
The thought of what has been,
And speak of one who cannot share
The gladness of the scene;
Whose part in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills,
Is that his grave is green;
And deeply would their hearts rejoice
To hear again his living voice.

THE WELL IN THE WILDERNESS; A TALE OF THE PRAIRIE.

In vain you urge me to forget
The fearful night—it haunts me yet;
And stampt into my heart and brain,
The awful memory will remain;
Yea, even in sleep that ghastly sight
Returns to shake my soul each night.

Richard Steel was the son of one of those small landlords who are fast disappearing from Merry Old England. His father left him the sole possessor of twenty-five acres of arable land, and a snug little cottage, which had descended from father to son, through many generations.

The ground plot, which had been sufficient to maintain his honest progenitors for several ages, in the palmy days of Britain's glory and independence, ere her vast resources passed into the hands of the few, and left the many to starve, was not enough to provide for the wants of our stout yeoman and his family, which consisted, at that period, of three sons and one daughter, a lovely, blooming girl of ten years, or thereabouts. Richard and his boys toiled with unceasing diligence; the wife was up late and early, and not one moment was left unemployed; and yet they made no headway, but every succeeding year found them in arrears.

"Jane," said the yeoman one evening, thoughtfully, to his wife, after having blessed his homely meal of skimmed milk and brown bread, "couldst thee not have given us a little treat to-night? Hast thee forgotten that it is our Annie's birthday?"

"No, Richard, I have not forgotten; How could I forget the anniversary of the day that made us all so happy? But times are bad; I could not spare the money to buy sugar and plums for the cake; and I wanted to sell all the butter, in order to scrape together enough to pay the shoemaker for making our darling's shoes. Annie knows that she is infinitely dear to us all, though we cannot give her luxuries to prove it."

"It wants no proof, dear mother," said the young girl, flinging her round, but sun-burnt arms about her parent's neck. "Your precious love is worth the wealth of the whole world to me. I know how fond you and dear father are of me, and I am more than satisfied."

"Annie is right," said Steel, dropping his knife and holding out his arm for a caress. "The world could not purchase such love as we feel for her; and let us bless God that, poor though we be, we are all here to-night, well and strong, aye, and rich, in spite of our homely fare, in each other's affections. What say you, my boys?" And he glanced with parental pride on three fine lads, whose healthy and honest countenances might well be contemplated with pleasure, and afford subjects for hopeful anticipations for the future.

"We are happy father," said the eldest, cheerfully.

"The cakes and spiced ale would have made us happier," said the second.

"Mother makes such nice cakes."

"So she does," cried the third. "It seems so dull to have nothing nice on An-

nie's birthday. I should not care a fig if it was Dick's birthday, or Owen's, or mine; but not to drink Annie's health seems unlucky."

"You shall drink it," said Annie, laughing.

"In what?" asked both the boys in a breath.

"In fine spring water!" And she filled their mugs.

"Better God never gave to his creatures. How bright it is! How it sparkles! I will never from this day ask for a finer drink. Here is a health to you, my brothers, and may we never know what it is to lack a draught of pure water."

Annie nodded to her brothers, and drank off her mug of water; and the good-natured fellows, who dearly loved her, followed her example.

Oh, little did the gay-hearted girl think, in that moment of playful glee, of the price she was one day destined to pay for a drink of water.

The crops that year were a failure, and the heart of the strong man began to droop. He felt that his labor in his native land, would no longer give his children bread; and unwilling to sink into the lowest class, he wisely resolved, while he retained the means of doing so, to emigrate to America. His wife made no opposition to his wishes; his sons were delighted with the prospect of any change for the better, and if Annie felt a passing pang at leaving the daisied fields and her pretty playmates, the lambs, she hid it from her parents. The dear homestead, with its quiet rural orchard, and trim hedge-rows, fell to the hammer; nor was the sunburnt cheek of the honest yeoman unmoistened with a tear, when he saw it added to the enormous possessions of the lord of the manor.

After the sale was completed, and the money it brought duly paid, Steel lost no time in preparing for his emigration. In less than a fortnight he had secured their passage to New York, and they were already on their voyage across the Atlantic. Favored by wind and weather, after the first effects of the sea had worn off, they were comfortable enough. The steerage passengers were poor but respectable English emigrants, and they made several pleasant acquaintances among them. One family especially attracted their attention, and so far engaged their affections during the tedious voyage that they entered into an agreement to settle in the same neighborhood. Mr. Atkins was a widower, with his two sons, the ages of Richard and Owen, and an elder sister—a primitive, gentle old woman, who had been once both wife and mother, but had outlived all her family. Abigail Winchester (for so she was called) took an especial fancy to our Annie, in whom she fancied that she recognized a strong resemblance to a daughter she had lost. Her affection was warmly returned by the kind girl, who, by a thousand little attentions, strove to evince her gratitude to Abigail for her good opinion.

They had not completed half their voyage before the scarlet fever broke out among the passengers, and made dreadful havoc among the younger portion. Steel's whole family were down with it at the same time, and, in spite of the constant nursing of himself, and his devoted partner, and the unremitting attention of Abigail Winchester, who never left the sick ward for many nights and days, the two youngest boys died, and were committed to the waters of the great deep before Annie and Richard recovered to consciousness of their dreadful loss. This threw a sad gloom over the whole party. Steel said nothing, but he often retired to some corner of the ship to bewail his loss in secret. His wife was wasted and worn to a shadow, and poor Annie looked the ghost of her former self.

"Had we never left England," she thought, "my brothers had not died." But she was wrong. God, who watches with parental love over all his creatures, knows the best season in which to reclaim his own; but human love in its vain yearnings is slow in receiving this great truth. It lives in the present, lingers over the past, and cannot bear to give up that which now is for the promise of that which shall be. The future separated from the things of time has always an awful aspect. A perfect and child-like reliance upon God can alone divest it of those thrilling doubts and fears which at times shake the firmest mind, and urge the proud, unyielding spirit of man to cleave so strongly to kindred dust.

The sight of the American shores, that the poor lads had desired so eagerly to see, seemed to renew their grief, and a sadder party never set foot upon a foreign strand than our emigrant and his family.

Steel had brought letters of introduction to a respectable merchant in the city, who advised him to purchase a tract of land in the then new State of Illinois. The beauty of the country, the fine climate and fruitful soil, were urged upon him in the strongest manner. The merchant had scrip to dispose of in that remote settlement, and, as is usual in such cases, he consulted his own interest in the matter.

Steel thought the merchant, who was

a native of the country, must know best what would suit him; and he not only became a purchaser of land in Illinois, but induced his new friends to follow his example.

We will pass over their journey to the far West. The novelty of the scenes through which they passed, contributed not a little to raise their drooping spirits. Richard had recovered his health, and amused the party not a little by his lively anticipations of the future. They were to have the most comfortable log-house, and the neatest farm in the district. He would raise the finest cattle, the largest crops, and the best garden stuff in the neighborhood. Frugal and industrious habits would soon render them wealthy and independent.

His mother listened to these sallies with a delighted smile; and even the grave yeoman's brow relaxed from its habitual frown. Annie entered warmly into her brother's plans, and if he laid the foundation of his fine castle in the air, she certainly provided the cement and all the lighter materials.

As their long route led them further from the habitations of men, and deeper and deeper into the wilderness, realities of their solitary locality became hourly more apparent to the poor emigrants. They began to think that they had acted too precipitately in going so far back into the woods, unacquainted as they were with the usages of the country. But repentance came too late; and when, at length, they reached their destination, they found themselves upon the edge of a vast forest, with a noble, open prairie, stretching away as far as the eye could reach in front of them, and no human habitation in sight, or indeed existing for miles around them.

In a moment the yeoman comprehended all the difficulties and dangers of his new situation; but his was a stout heart, not easily daunted by circumstances. He possessed a vigorous constitution and a strong arm; and, he was not alone. Richard was an active, energetic lad, and his friend Atkins, and his two sons, were a host in themselves. Having settled with his guides, and ascertained, by the maps that he received at Mr. —'s office, the extent and situation of his new estate, he set about unyoking the cattle which he had purchased, and securing them, while Atkins and his sons pitched a tent for the night and collected wood for their fire. The young people were in raptures with the ocean of verdure, redolent with blossoms, that lay smiling in the last rays of the sun before them. Never did garden appear so lovely as that vast wilderness of sweets, planted by the munificent hand of Nature with such profuse magnificence. Annie could scarcely tear herself away from the enchanting scene to assist her mother in preparing their evening meal.

[Conclusion to-morrow.]

THE HAT-TURNING MOVEMENT.—The new experiment of turning tables, hats, &c., by means of animal magnetism, recently imported into this country, has already become a popular alike, and with equal facility. The simplest form of attempting the experiment is that now common in the parlors of many respectable taverns, viz: with a hat, which sometimes is placed upon a tripod of inverted glass tumblers, and at other times on the table. The operators, two in number, form the chain by joining their little fingers, and gently placing the remaining fingers of both hands severally upon the rim of the hat. After a few minutes the hat will become charged, and will move away from the fingers, generally to the northward, and sometimes the hat will actually spin round with rapidity under this operation. The experiment, when tried on a small mahogany table, will be found quite as successful; but the operators should then be four or even six in number, to cause the table to turn. It has been accomplished repeatedly in many tavern parlors and other places open to the public, therefore all doubt as to the practicability of this curious application of the principle of animal magnetism.

Journal of Commerce.

BABIES IN CALIFORNIA.—Crying children in church are usually considered as nuisances, and taken out; but this is not always the case, as the following anecdote from the Ladies' Repository for April, will show:

"A brother just returned from California, says he was present in the congregation of brother Owen, when a babe in the arms of its mother began to cry. A thing so unusual in California, attracted not a little attention, and the mother rose to retire. 'Don't leave,' said the preacher, 'the sound of that babe's voice is more interesting to many in this congregation than my own. It is perhaps the sweetest music many a man has heard since a long time ago he took leave of his distant home.' The effect was instantaneous and powerful, and a large portion of the congregation melted into tears."

An eminent psychologist of London has decided that the spirit rappings are produced by phantom postmen engaged in the delivery of dead letters!